



DANDELION GARDEN

July 2015

*The heavens are yours, and yours also the earth;
you founded the earth and everything that is in it.*

Psalms 89:11

Lord, I've wanted to write about these bright wildflowers of yours for a long time. When I came upon a huge patch of them gone to seed, backlit by the sun in all purity and innocence, I knew the time had come. How glorious the display! Thank you, God!

Children know what beauty is. They are not judgmental. What we adults regard as ugly, children often recognize as delightful...including dandelions.

I remember a Sunday morning many years ago, when the young girl who sat in front of me at church brought in a big bouquet of them. She joyously placed them in a vase at the back of the pew in front of her. How wonderful they looked! As the congregants worshipped, all dressed in

their Sunday finery, those “weeds” bloomed—bright, healthy, and golden. I so enjoyed them, especially realizing they had been brought in by a child who considered them precious.

But something happened—and this was so amazing. In the middle of the service a shaft of light came streaming through the window into the sanctuary and shone directly on that bouquet—a holy moment that could only have been orchestrated by you, God. They glowed, ever so brightly. What a sight! How I wished I had my camera!

After the service, memories of that Godly moment would not leave me alone. I longed to capture it on film.

A couple of days later I went to the church at the same time of day when the light had previously shone so dramatically. I brought my own bouquet of dandelions and placed them where the one on Sunday had been. But the sun did not come pouring through the window. And my dandelions? They wilted.

Why Lord?

Perhaps that bright ray of sunshine lighting up what so many would call weeds, truly was a “God thing.” One only you could bring about. Who do I think I am anyway, to try recreating something that only you could do?

But I’m thankful for the memory of it. I have the memory.

Today I look on this precious display of seed heads and cannot think of them as weeds. At least not out here in nature. They are a beautiful sight. Your handiwork, God. Thank you!!!

marja